

A  
CONGRATULATOR  
POEM

UPON

The Coronation of His Majesty  
King GEORGE; (*The First*)

WITH

*Dunfermline's* Address to His  
Majesty for redressing

SCOTLAND's  
GRIEVANCES.

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Sub Te licebit Principe libere  
CHRISTUM fateri, fida refellere,  
Mysteriumque Veritatis  
Seposito referare Foco.

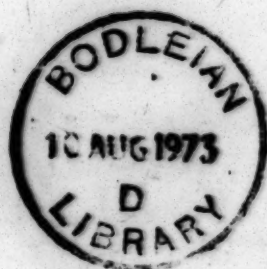
Super Dracones fortis inambula,  
Sævam Leonum frange Ferociam.

Ergo Salvis sollicitum Tuae  
Cœleste Numen pervigil exubat,  
Et Impiorum inauspicata  
Vota facit, retegique Frades.

Gr. Buch.

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A

# Congratulatory Poem upon His Majesty King *GEORGE* His Coronation, &c.

**H**ail Mighty Monarch, welcome to the Throne,  
Which is by Birth, by Worth, by Law your own.  
Blest be the Choice of Heav'n's Eternal King,  
By whom the sublunary Gods do reign,  
Who lately by a Glorious **REVOLUTION**,  
Wrapt in Your Title with our Constitution :  
A Sacred Claim, now ratifi'd so well,  
That **HEAV'N** hath crown'd You King, in Spite of Hell :  
Herein rewarding, by a just Decree,  
Your bright Ancestors in their Progenie :  
The Diadem they lost for Truth, is now  
Restor'd with triple Interest unto You,  
In whom the Prince of Kings makes Mankind see  
The Product of His Rect'ral Equity ;  
A Glorious Right, by Pow'r supernal giv'n,  
The King of *Britain*, by the **KING** of Heav'n.

Bright Fame hath with the Wheels of *Titan* hurl'd  
Your sparkling Grandeur round the lower World,  
Which ev'ry where (like solar Rays) hath shone,  
And center'd in the *British* Horizon :  
A Luminary there, in brighter Robe,  
To cast Your Glorious Beams about the Globe ;  
But which augments the Wonder in our Eye,  
*Cimmerian* Mist envelopt all our Sky ;

A. 2.

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A Cloud of Locusts, from *Avernus* Bottom,  
 Addestin'd to the Furies which begot 'em;  
 These did obfuscate our *Britannick* Zone,  
 Till out of *BRUNSWICK* Sol arose, and shone;  
 Whose golden Gleams hath through the Vapours broke,  
 And clear'd our Firmament of *Orcus* smoke:  
 Insulting *Jacobites*, now plung'd in Shame,  
 Like *Trapezantius* have forgot their Name.  
 Snake Jesuits, which in their Fraud do trust,  
 Now lick, but cannot raise *Olympick* Dust:  
 Hell's Policy may work, but Heaven's must.  
 The Serpent can't prevail with subtle Strokes,  
 A greater *GEORGE* is here than *Cappadox*;  
 Who's Pow'r emits the rude Pretender's Doom,  
 A Blow to *Bourbon*, and a Dash to *Rome*.  
 Rage now resigns the day to Valiant *GEORGE*,  
 Mars dares not heat a Spear in *Vulcan's* Forge,  
 Hell swallows down the Spite it would disgorge.

Dread Sir, how happy is our Church and State,  
 That have a King so strong, so good, so great?  
 If any Place on this *Britannick* Plat  
 May claim a Right to such a Potentate;  
*Dunfermline* then, we hope, may soar so high,  
 By Recognition of Antiquity;  
 Our City is that once illustrious Place,  
 Where many of Your bright Primordial Race  
 Flourish'd apace; and with preceptive Nods  
 Did Act the Part of Subcelestial Gods.  
 Our Palace was their Seat of Regal Mirth,  
 And blessed with Your Royal Grand-dame's Birth.  
 This doth enhance Your Worth to us, Great Sir,  
 Our City brought Her forth, and You in her.

Tho'



Tho' now our Town's of Royalty bereft ;  
 Yet still Ensigns of Majesty are left :  
 Our Palace Walls ( which Time not yet destroys )  
 Mount Heav'n-ward, like the Seat of GOD's Vice-roys.  
 Our Church hath Ancient Kings entomb'd in Heaps,  
 The Valiant *BRUCE* beneath our Pulpit sleeps.  
 Such Monuments of former Majesty,  
 Embellish, Your much brighter Monarchy.  
 Just Heav'n hath now remitted to Your Trust  
 This Dormitory of Your Fathers Dust ;  
 Since they remov'd to their Eternal Homes,  
 Black Defolation sack'd their Royal Tombs,  
 Their fun'ral Piles did still in Sable mourn,  
 And Floods of Sorrow over-whelm'd their Urn :  
 Till You arising *Phabus* like, from East,  
 With Beams of Majesty upon Your Breast ;  
 Your Splendor now their humid Grief absorbs,  
 And re-imbals with Joy their Royal Corps :  
 Their Bones restored under your Protection,  
 Anticipate a joyful Resurrection.  
 And if Your Majesty ( in vacant Hours )  
 Would visit these your great Ancestors Bow'rs,  
 'Twould put a Blush on Defolation's Malice,  
 And glorifie the Ruins of our Palace.

Bright Monarch, if this Favour be too Great,  
 Then let Your Royal Predecessors Seat  
 Be now allow'd, to personate the Nation,  
 And so present our humble Supplication.  
 Redeem us, Sir, from things our Country loaths,  
 Subverting *PATRONAGES*, renting *OATHS* ;  
 Such was the woful, dubious *ABJURATION*,  
 Which gave the Clergy Ground of Speculation ;

Tho'

Tho' all could freely ( without Láws to urge )  
 Abjure the Popish *James*, and swear to *GEORGE*;  
 Yet while it swell'd with circumstantial Clauses,  
 Old *English* Acts, Reduplicating *AS's*;  
 Some fear'd to leave their Conscience in the Lurch,  
 Or make the KIRK to swear unto the CHURCH.  
 The Clergy which had more of Second-sight,  
 Swore it, and said it never crost their Light.  
 The rest alledg'd they could on solid Ground,  
 Both love their King, and keep their Conscience sound.  
 ( Witness *Dunfermline's* Presbyterial Bound. )  
 Great nursing Father of our Church and Nation,  
 Give an abortive Birth to this Temptation,  
 That's such a fertil Womb of Altercation.  
 Our Church upon the Main do all agree,  
 But Oaths add little to its Hermonie.

The next Infringement of our Sacred Badge,  
 Is that accursed Weed, call'd PATRONAGE :  
 Our Ecclesiasticks can't abide its Fume,  
 It smells so rank of *Antichristian Rome*.  
 Our People call'd an Hellish Imposition,  
 For Lords and Lairds to chuse their Souls Physician :  
 It gives their Sp'ritual Health a heavy Doom,  
 When Civil Dons such Sacred Power assume.  
 This Grievance, and the former sadly pine us ;  
 The first doth rent, the last doth undermine us.  
 Dear Sir, deliver us from these Vexations,  
 And all intollerable TOLLERATIONS.

But that which sums up all our Suits in one,  
 Is, That the BABEL-UNION be o're-thrown :  
 A Corporation which we still bewail,  
 While *England* is the Head and we the Tail.

This



This Matrimonial Contract was so forc'd,  
 We'll ne're agree, until we be divorc'd:  
 We never had ( since we were forc'd to wed )  
 A joyful Night to brook the Nuptial Bed.  
 Of such a Match, none in Your *Scots* Dominion  
 Could ever yet conceive a good Opinion.  
 Our Country still its Framers Fault resents,  
 Our *Laity* curse them all with heavy Complaints,  
 Our *Clergy* only spare the Penitents  
 The Middlest think the Union was an Evil,  
 The ruder Sort would wish it to the Devil;  
 The *Gentry* own they never yet could please it,  
 The *Commonalty* anathematize it;  
 The *Merchant* swears, It sacrific'd his Profite;  
 And *Barley-Mongers* damn it down to *Tophet*.  
 All breath out Sorrow to the rueful Votes,  
 Which cramm'd the cursed Union down our Throats:  
 Yet still our Mouths are open to disgorge  
 The bitter Morsel, by the help of *G E O R G E*.  
 For tho' the poison'd Meal be *Serpentine*,  
 So killing unto *SCOTIA* fair, the Queen  
 Doth now revive; for Mighty *G E O R G E* is said  
 To kill the *Serpent*, and relieve the *Maid*.  
 On you depends the Hope of every *Scot*;  
 We know your Sword can cut the *Gordian* Knot.  
 There's nothing done ( we hope ) but may be undone,  
 Great Sir, we're wear'd to the Heart with *London*:  
 It hath already marr'd our goodly Mould,  
 Devour'd our Silver, gormandiz'd our Gold,  
 And hurried back th' Equiv'lent thre times told.  
 It makes the Rural Swains to toom their Purfes,  
 And damn the Union with a thousand Curses.

Dread

Dread Sir, You'll get our Blessing and Your Name  
 Shall soar on Wings of Everlasting Fame,  
 If You'll redintegrate our ancient Frame.

Great Prince, in Favour to Your loving Nation,  
 Accept of this uncultivate Oration :  
*Parnassus* towring Train will criticise  
 With Royal Clemency may patronise.  
 Now may the Heavens adorn Your Majestie  
 What glorious Blessings, of the first Degree :  
 May that Celestial Pow'r that never dies,  
 Make You the Darling of the *Destinies*,  
 That *Clotho's* Sisters may spin out Your Threed,  
 Till Age shall crown Your Life, as Gold Your Head :  
 And may Your Royal Progenie outshine  
 All earthly Monarchs, to the outmost Line :  
 Fame sound their Praise, and *Echo's* nimble Soul,  
 Reverberate the Sound from Pole to Pole.  
 May they succeed to Your Imperial Robe,  
 Till Natur's Fall unhinge the pond'rous Globe ;  
 And then may they, with You, be crown'd on Hy,  
 When Times ingulft into Eternity.

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